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01x08 - Babylon Boomerang

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **02/16/01 22:27**

(Big Q. It's the end of Michael's shift at the Big Q, and Mike's cleaning out his locker.)

Michael: Still batteling Club Domenia, Andrew? When you're on first episode you have a problem.

Andrew: Ah, kids birthday this weekend. Good thing for us is our discount.

Michael: Yeah, you could broke!

Andrew: That's why I hope I get that job!

Michael: Which job?

Andrew: Didn't you know? They making Barbarosa the new District Manager in the State.

Michael: No sh*t!

Andrew: And they letting him pick his replacement from inside the store. I think "f*ck, this will me." Right?

Michael: Right.

Andrew: Well, I better pratice my a*s-kissing. Wish me luck.

Michael: You got it.

(Michael leaves. He's walking out of the back when Tracy.)

Tracy: So, are you goin' to ask me?

Michael: Ask you what?

Tracy: What I think about you as Barbarossa replacement. I can you brought!

Michael: Thanks but I like my job. Besides being a manager is a lot responsiblity.

Tracy: So? You can handle it. Besides you're much better qualified than Andrew anyday. You're a better worker, you've been here longer, people like you better.

Michael: Yeah, I guess.

Tracy: C'mon. If you want to get ahead, you have to do a little bit a*s-kissing, like Andrew. And something tells me you can kiss a*s with the best of them!

(Babylon! The Boys plus Justin exit the club. Emmett's wearing an extravagant blue '70s leather jacket and pants ensemble, but everything's a little too small on him.)

Justin: Have I tell you that my dad want send me to a military school? I said "f*ck no!"

Brian: I think you're dad might be right about military school. It's for your own good.

Emmett: I always want to go in a military school. I know those slinky uniform. Go cuts.

Ted: Taking orders. Getting punished when you're naughty.

(Emmett to bend over while the others playfully whack his behind.)

Emmett: Yes, sir! Sorry Sir!

Michael: Don't forget showering with all those cadets.

(Brian stopps at a normaly car.)

Emmett: Oh, my. Who ever thought we see the day Brian Kinney driving an economy compact.

Brian: And I have to go a new car this week.

Michael: Another f*ck-mobile?

(Emmett, kissing the back of Justin's neck.)

Emmett: In his age he needs all be attractive to attract these hot young things.

Ted: I thought what happen you might consider something more practical.

Brian: Well, something I account my drive?

Michael: You don't want any more weirdos ramming into you.

Emmett: Never heard him complain about that before.

(Brian and Justin making out.)

Michael: See you later.

(Emmett, Ted and Michael leaves them. Justin and Brian kisses each other. Justin goes around to other side of the car to get in. All of a sudden, Craig Taylor taps Brian on the shoulder.)

Craig: Hey, your f*cking pervert!

(Punches him, and then starts kicking him in the chest.)

Justin: DAD!

(He pulls Craig off Brian. The Boys, alerted by Justin's cries, run back and pick Brian up off the street,

and then have to restrain him from ripping out Craig's throat.)

Emmett: It's his dad! Stop it!

Craig: That's it, Justin. That's it. You come home right now or you're never come home again.

Justin: Never again. Did you hear me? I said, never again! Go! GET THE f*ck OUT OF HERE! I never coming home again! NEVER f*ck'.

Brian: JUSTIN. Stop.

(Later, at the Liberty Diner, Justin excitedly describes the scene to Debbie, exaggerating a little bit. Debbie wearing a t-shirt that has a picture of rooster on it, with the word "c*ck" written underneath)

Justin: ...so my dad is kicking him, beating him. And I jumped out of his back and pull him off and shout punching him!

Emmett: Don't forget how you single-handedly fought off those attack dogs.

Ted: Or how you foiled the assassination attempt by that Iranian death squad.

Debbie: Your boys think it's funny? Who is this idea of some evening entertainment? This poor child has been f*cking traumatized watching his father deserve like that. And this is for you. (to Brian) I told your be trouble and you didn't listen.

Justin: It's not his fault and I'm not a child. I'm going to be eighteen soon. That means I can vote, and get married and join the army.

Emmett: Hopefully not in the same day(!)

Debbie: Maybe so. But as far as your parents can assume your still the sweet innocent little boy. They're not ready to think of you sucking c*ck or taking it up the a*s.

Michael: Ma! You have to be so graffic?

Debbie: Michael, when I'm making a point would you please not interrupt while I'm talkin'! So, what was I'm talkin' about?

Ted: Something about sucking c*ck and taking up the a*s.

Debbie: Right. So, their not ready to see you as a man especially a g*y man. Their need to educated that they understand what you're goin' through.

Brian: What about what I'm goin' through? His father almost broke my f*cking rips. You know, I'll should have him arrest it.

Debbie: Leave it alone! It's enough damaged tonight.

(As she tries to finish busing their table, she stumbles.)

Michael: Ma, you're okay?

Debbie: Yeah, I'm fine, honey. Just tired from work from 6 am.

(Lifting the bus tray, she takes one step and collapses.)

Michael: MA! Somebody get some help!

(As Mikey picks her head up off the ground her red hair falls off.)

Michael: SOMEBODY GET SOME HELP!

Deb: Stop screaming! I...I...I...I lost my hairing. Oh my...

Michael: Ma, I'm taking you to the hospital.

Deb: No, I have to finished my shift.

Michael: You're shift is over, Mom!

Deb: I swallowed my gum! Michael, help me this put on.

(At the Taylor Manse.)

Jen: What are you thinking?

Craig: I wasn't.

Jen: That's right, you're never do just... act.

Craig: I do what I had to do.

Jen: "What you had to do..." Craig, do you know how close we are to loosing him what you do. You're practically push him out the door.

Craig: I told him to come home, Jen and he wouldn't.

Jen: WHO WOULD WITH A LUNATIC?!

Craig: Look, I tryin' to protect our son.

Jen: It's you he needs protectin' from! No wonder he is out there!

Craig: Well, he made his choice.

Jen: What did... what did you say?

Craig: I SAID HE MADE HIS CHOICE, JEN! I gave him a choice and he made it.

Jen: Oh... oh, big man! Big!

Craig: Jen!

Jen: Don't come upstairs. I mean it. I don't wanna see you.

Craig: I am not gonna be humiliated by a bunch of...

Jen: f*gs? I've got news for you, Big Man. You already have been.

(At Debbie's house, Ted and Emmett sit on the couch with Debbie.)

Emmett: How about I make you some toast.

Ted: And tea?

Debbie: I don't want any toast and I don't wanna tea. What I want is that you stop making such a fuss about her and go home. You all have work to do tomorrow. So do I.

Michael: I already told you, you're not goin' into work. You stay here and take it easy.

Debbie: I can afford to take it easy.

Brian: It's not gonna k*ll you stay home for a day or two, Deb.

Justin: Bed rest is an important part of every recovery.

Ted: Thank you, Doogie Howser.

(Uncle Vic stomps out to the porch, and Mike follows him.)

Michael: Hey. Don't worry Uncle Vic. She's okay. The doctor says it's just exhausting, that's all.

Vic: Just exhausting! Do you have any idea how tired you have to be to fall over? That's how tired your mother is. And that's all because of me.

Michael: What are you talkin about? Think about how unhappy she would be without you.

Vic: But I'm the reason she's pushung herself so hard, working double shifts to pay of my decks. She's even taking a second mortgage.

Michael: What? On our house?!

Vic: Yeah. She didn't get much but she did.

Michael: Why you didn't tell me?

Vic: She made me promised not to!

(Vic goes inside and leave Michael alone.)

(Brian's loft. Brian's checking himself out in the mirror.)

Brian: I'm luck that I'm still have my teeth... and not a black eye. How do I look?

Justin: Great. You always look great. I'm sorry for my dad... and everything.

Brian: Yeah, sorry is bullshit.

(He following Brian into the kitchen.)

Justin: Look, I didn't mean to cause you in any problems.

(Brian pulls a beer out of the fridge and looks at Justin blankly.)

Justin: Well, I'm go.

Brian: Where?

Justin: I dunno. I find some place.

Brian: Justin. You can stay here. (he get toward Brian's bedplace.) On the sofa.

(Justin sits down on the couch all dejected. When Brian returns with a blanket, he can see that Justin is very, very sad.)

Brian: You're not cryin', are you?

Justin: I'm not some little f*gg*t.

Brian: No, you're not. You're pretty brave actually... standing up your father like that.

Justin: He was hurting you.

Brian: Get some sleep.

(He goes back over to his own bed. Justin looks like he's going to break into about a million pieces. To the sound of Madonna's "Tell Me" Justin strips down to his underwear, watching Brian do the same and climb into bed. Once he's sure that Brian's settled, Justin creeps up to the bed and climbs in, trying not to disturb Brian. Brian rolls over and sees him; every pore in Justin's being begs Brian to not send him back to the couch alone. Brian smiles softly, pulls the blankets up under Justin's chin, and rolls back over. Eventually, Justin closes his own eyes and goes to sleep.)

(The next morning, Mike and Brian catch breakfast at the Liberty Diner. Brian flipping through car brochures.)

Brian: So what do you think, Mikey? The jeep is always hot.

Michael: What does he doin' in your place?

Brian: He need to stay somewhere. The audi is a f*ck machine, but the guys that drive them usually aren't.

Michael: His dad almost beat the sh*t out of you.

Brian: The Boxster's sexy -- if you have a little d*ck. What do you think?

Michael: What do I think? It's obviously you don't care what I think about your Boy Wonder, what difference how I feel about your Batmobile? Get the Jeep for Monday, the Audi for Tuesday, and the

Boxster for Wednesday?

Brian: Hey!

Michael: You sitting here an cannot decide what hot new car your brought while my mom is loosing our f*ck' house! I get to work!

Brian: Michael, if you need money...

Michael: No!

Brian: Look, I had an amazing year...

Michael: That's great, but thanks anyway.

Brian: I offering you a f*cking gift...

Michael: I know! I just can't.

Brian: Why?

Michael: Because you're always there for me, takin' care of thing. Finding out the bullies in school, give me the answers of tests, take me to the hospital the first time I got gonorrhea. This... this is my mom. And this is something I have to do for her by myself.

(Daphne and Justin walk to school.)

Justin: So, my dad tried to beat up Brian and Debbie fell out in the diner. And then I spend the night at Brian's. What did you do?

Daphne: A read a lesson for Dean which is exactly what it felt like.

(Justin's mom is parked across the street from the school.)

Jen: Justin! Hi Daphne.

Daphne: Hi! (she leaves them alone.)

Jen: Brought you your uniform and your books. I know you had that essay due today.

Justin: Tomorrow.

Jen: You're alright?

Justin: I'm fine!

Jen: I was worried about you last night. Where were you?

Justin: Where do you think?

Jen: Justin, please wait. I want you to come home.

Justin: After what dad did? No way!

Jen: He did crazy. He didn't know what he was doin' but we can work this out. I promise.

Justin: Jen, don't promise. Now would you please go?

Jen: Do you need anything?

Justin: I need you to go!

(Debbie's house. Debbie, still wigless, finds Vic in the kitchen, grumpily drinking a cup of coffee.)

Debbie: Hello.

Vic: What your doin' up? You supposed to be taking a nap.

Debbie: Well, naps are brief. That's why it's such a short word. Are you takin' your meds?

Vic: Yes! I've takin' my meds!

Debbie: What is this? "Apartments for rent"? Why are you looking for "Apartments for rent"?

Vic: Don't get your t*tties in a twist!

Debbie: I am not selling the house if that's what you've think!

Vic: Of course your not selling the house. It's for me. I'm thinking for moving out. I feelin' much better now. And with my disability I can afford a room somewhere.

Debbie: You have a room somewhere! Here!

Vic: I don't want you to feel obligated.

Debbie: Obliged?! Your becoming this close to get punched out!

Vic: Your doctor said not to overexert yourself.

Debbie: Well, f*ck him! I punched you out when you were a kid and I can punched you out now! I want some soup.

Vic: Chicken nudle?

Debbie: Yeah. When you came back from New York I didn't take you in because I felt obliged. I took you in because I want to. Hell, I would do it again.

Vic: Yeah, let's. The dementia. The thrush. The CMV, that was a laugh and a half.

Debbie: I mean, I want you here sick, and I want you here well. I'll take you any way I can get you. So, unless you're reading the funnies, I'm just going to toss this. Where is my soup?! I'll serve. I don't will get rusty.

(Brian's office. Jennifer barges in his office and introduces herself as Justin's mom. She drops a big

duffel bag onto his desk.)

Jen: Hi, Jennifer Taylor. Justin's mother. OK, so...his clothes, the sketch pad, shoes, underwear... oh "Yellow submarine". It's his favourite. He watched it a million times. Did you know he wanted to be an animator?

Brian: No, I'm...

Jen: No, you wouldn't. Uh, check. Here we go.

Brian: For what?

Jen: Well, Justin's expensive. He eats like a football player, goes through clothes faster than I can buy them, and he's always needing something for school.

Brian: You think he's staying with me?

Jen: Where else?

Brian: I don't know, but he's not moving into my place.

Jen: Well, he needs gonna live somewhere since he told me he's never coming back home again.

Brian: Why do you care what he says? You're his mother. Come and get him.

Jen: If I came and got him he would just... runaway and I'm might never see him again. Do you know what happens to runaway kids, Mr. Kinney?

Brian: They end up on milk cartons.

Jen: Or worse. At least if he's with you, I know where he is.

(Jen goes to the door.)

Brian: He is not my responsibility.

Jen: Oh, yes he is! You seduced him, you f-f-f*cked him, so now he's yours! So, kindly, uh, see that he takes his allergy medicine, and does his homework, and gets to school on time.

(Jen walks to the door and turns around one last time.)

Jen: And, uh, tell him that we love him.

(At the Big Q Mart, Mike finds his boss, Bob Barbarosa, in the back of the store, checking inventory and singing opera.)

Michael: Hey Bob. Sounds great.

Bob: Well thanks Mike. I didn't realized that I have an audience.

Michael: You should have been an opera singer.

Bob: Yeah, well I wanna be once but then I had to be a choice. The Met or the Big Q.

Michael: Well obivously it's paying off. Congratulations on the promotion.

Bob: Thanks. District Manager - big responsibility.

Michael: I bet. Have you picked your replacement yet?

Bob: No, no. Couple of people express their interested.

Michael: Yeah, I know. Um, I hope you wouldn't mind that I like to toss my head in the ring.

Bob: Sure, Mike. Sure. I really honest with you. I never had you pegged for the ambitious type.

Michael: I've always been focused on my job, on doing it well. A promotion should be good for my balance but it should be what's good for the company.

Bob: You know something, Mike? A lot of people do not feel that way. Mostly they come in for themselfs. I tell you what. I have a little congratulation diner tomorrow night. Over to Dominics? Why don't you come along?

Michael: Wow Bob, thanks a lot.

Bob: And, bring your lady.

(The Boys' Gym. Mike tells his story to Ted and Emmett.)

Michael: He wants me to bring my lady.

Emmett: I though straight guys doesn't say like "Bring your lady".

Ted: They say worse than that.

Michael: I don't have a lady!

Emmett: No, you have something better. Doctor Dreamboat.

Ted: I can fix you up my sister. Only I have to warn you, she looks like me in a dress. Oh, Emmett could dress up like last Halloween.

Emmett: No, Emmett could not! Besides which, how is Mike going to explain that he's dating Reba McEntire?

Michael: Easier than explain him I'm a f*g.

Emmett: So tell them the truth already.

Ted: You said he's a nice guy and he likes you.

Michael: Yeah until I've give him a reason not to. There is these woman who works in shipping - Helga. Big, short-cropped hair, pick-up truck. She's been working there for fifteen years. Every year she's been gets passed over for a promotion every year, and everyone knows why, and no one says anything. So

she still sitting there, doin' in voices. I can't afford to let that happen to me. Fifteen years from now I can't still be an inventory, directing shoppers to the supersaling in backyards barbeques.
(Brian's loft. Brian enters, to the sound of Daphne chirping on his answering machine and Justin dancing around in the living room with headphones on, wearing Brian's shirt.)

Daphne: (at am) "Hello? Justin? I know you're there! Justin! Are you guys doing it?!"

(Brian picks up the phone, then slams it down. Brian's holding his side, so I take it his ribs are still bruised. Brian also looks near-homicidal. He pulls the headphones off the top of Justin's head.)

Brian: What are you doin'?

Justin: Huh?

Brian: (screams) WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

Justin: Uh, listening to Moby. It's really hot.

(Brian glares at him, not saying a word. Justin's getting nervous.)

Justin: So, what's up?

Brian: What's up is you left my door unlooked. What's up this is not a hotel room and you're not in your blond tour. What's up is you're mother paid me a little visit today. Finally what's up is your take off my shirt and clean up your sh*t! All I want to do is come home and have something to eat.

Justin: I could make you... something.

(Brian, opening the refrigerator and finding it empty)

Brian: No, you couldn't!

Justin: I'm sorry I'm in your way.

Brian: Not as sorry as I am.

Justin: I didn't mean it for happen!

Brian: Well, it did.

Justin: So, as long as we're together.

Brian: We are not... together. You're here as the result of a series of an unfortunate circumstances, which have given me the worst headache of my life. And the duffel bag is full of your f*cking underwear! Now, I'm goin' to bed.

Justin: OK.

(He starts to follow him. Brian redirects Justin over to the desk.)

Brian: Alone. Your go over there and do your homework and lights out by eleven.

Justin: Eleven?!

Brian: Do you know that I had to promised your mother that you wouldn't be late for school tomorrow? And by the way, she sends her love.

(Debbie's house. Debbie's trying to sneak down the stairs determined to go to work. Vic jumps out, blocks the door.)

Debbie: Vic, listen to me! Get away from this door!

Vic: Get out of those clothes and back in your moomo.

Debbie: If I have to watch Martha Stewart make another g*dd*mn thing out of goat cheese, I'm gonna k*ll myself!

Vic: AMC has a Joan Crawford festival all week.

Debbie: Nobody's that g*y. I've got to go to work. They need me.

(When Debbie sidesteps Vic and runs to the door. Vic tries to pull her back. Mike walks in.)

Vic: And your need to rest your a*s!

Debbie: Hi honey. What are you doin' here?

Michael: Uncle Vic ask me to bring some rope and help tie you down.

Debbie: (she looks at Vic) Kinky. Your want some eggs? And get an eggs! I've got to do something with my hands.

Michael: I want you stay still and listen to me!

Debbie: You want some tomatoes with those?

Michael: Mom! Will you listen to me? I have something to tell you. I'm up for a promotion at work.

Debbie: Sweety, that's great!

Michael: I don't have it yet, I mean I get it ever. But either way I'm making some changes.

Vic: You're not going straight, are you?

Debbie: Vic, shoos!

Michael: I know how hard you work, you always have. Taking care of me all by yourself and nobody to help you. And I've never done anything for you.

Debbie: That is not true.

Michael: Now it's my turn to take care of you. And I will. I swear.

Debbie: Baby, you don't have take care of me. You're already do so much...

Michael: Well, I wanna do more. Now, will you stay home and tryin' to get a little rest?

(He hugs her and kisses her. He leaves the house.)

Debbie: That's my hero.

(Brian, Lindsay, and Gus pick out Brian's new wheels. Brian stops and takes a look at a Jeep, and Lindsay -- grinning as the baby coos away)

Lindsay: Gus approves.

(Brian looks through the windows, and gets the Look from two other guys checking out another car next to theirs.)

Brian: Yeah, he's not bad.

Lindsay: At the car! He think it's you. I bet Justin will like it too, driving around with his Sugar Daddy.

Brian: I am not his Sugar Daddy and would you please leave him out of this?

Salesman: Wow, beautiful baby. It's just like you.

Lindsay: Well thank you. So do our five others. I'm gonna change him, honey.

Brian: You do that, sweety.

(They kiss each other before she leaves.)

Lindsay: Where is the ladies room?

Salesman: A just around the corner. A beautiful family. You're had an eye on this one?

Brian: Yeah, I've notice how comfortable he load it.

Salesman: You're name it's on it.

(They both jump in for a closer inspection.)

Salesman: Only, you don't really want this.

Brian: I don't?

Salesman: f*gs drive it. I don't know what it is, but they're attracted to it like flies. Nice couple like you, you wanna be something like that.

(He shows him to a four-door sedan.)

Brian: I appreciated the warning but I'm still uncurios. Think I get this for a test drive? And then I'll try the straight models.

Salesman: Great idea.

(Cut to Brian, outside the dealership, in the Jeep. The salesman waves to him through the floor-to-ceiling windows. Brian waves back, smiling. And then floors the Jeep, right through the window, to within ten feet of the salesman's loafers.)

Brian: So, honey, what do you think? We'll take it.

(Mike's bedroom. Mike's on his stomach, and Dr. Dave is on top of him.)

David: God, you're tight!

Michael: Thanks!

David: I'll meant your back. You're a lot of tension.

(Dr. Dave's giving him a back rub. Mike's cell phone rings, and David hands it to him.)

David: Brian!

Michael: Yeah, hi! How about I'll pick you up? Around seven? Yeah, me too. That'll be fun! OK, bye.

David: Who was that?

Michael: Tracy from the store.

David: Oh, the girl that has a crush on you.

Michael: She doesn't have a crush on me, she likes me. And I like her.

David: But not at the same way.

Michael: I'm invited her to the Barbarossa Party.

David: Really? As your date?

Michael: No! Well, yeah. But, no!

David: Well, that's clear! Have a great time.

Michael: Look, you know I can't ask you as much as I'd like to. I'm proud of you.

David: Really?

Michael: It's, I'm supposed to bring my lady.

David: This Tracy know why you asking her?

Michael: I couldn't tell her that.

David: Well, do you think it's fair considering she's goin' to thinking she's your lady?

Michael: How I know what she's thinking? Besides, it's not a date date, it's a party for the Boss. It's

business. Christ, I wish everybody would just get off my back.

(David does.)

David: Honey, I will.

Michael: Hey, I'm sorry. I mean, what the hell I'm suppose to do?

David: Michael, I know how important that promotion is for you. But what you're doin' is not right, it's not fair to Tracy or to yourself. Believe me, I know I lived it. The decide but always with the good reason. The only thing is there is never a good reason. It's only the hurt that you cause. That is why you have to tell the truth.

Michael: Tell the truth, what you gonna afford to do. But I can't! I don't have an office, or a diploma, or nothing available until four weeks from Tuesday! I don't even have my own bathroom. But I do know that if I tell the truth, I probably never will.

(Woody's. Brian, Ted, and Emmett toss back a few beers and check out the local talent.)

Ted: I can't believe his mom brought you his stuff.

Brian: Yeah, she practically gift-wrapped it.

Emmett: Gifts can be returned.

Brian: I just want him out of my life and out of my house.

(Ted and Emmett exchange knowing looks. Brian spots his next conquest over by the pool table, wearing a "Hotlanta" t-shirt.)

Brian: Have you ever been in Atlanta?

Emmett: No, but I had a boyfriend from Georgia, once. I called him peach-fuzz. Bet you can't guess why.

Ted: Because his butt-cheeks were covered with this soft fuzzy down that made them look like two fuzzy peaches.

Emmett: Yeah.

Brian: Well, I think I'll show our guest some northern hospitality.

(Later, Brian and the guy are making out full-force in the crate elevator up to Brian's pad. He hits Brian's ribs the wrong way.)

Guy: What's the matter?

Brian: It's a long story.

Guy: Now hurry up and open that door. I can't wait.

Brian: Be patient. The South will rise again. And again!

(Pulling open the door, they come face to face with Justin's cooking attempts, aka a completely destroyed kitchen.)

Brian: What's all this?

Justin: I made dinner. I made salat but I dropped it.

Brian: Yeah, you made a f*cking mess.

Justin: I clean it up. Don't worry. Who's he?

Brian: He's an out-of-town guest.

Guy: Mmmh, which you're makin'? Smells good.

Justin: Jambalaya. My mom told me. It's sort of instant jambalaya because I used frozen shrimp and minute rice. I didn't know how much rice to use and the water for the shrimp overflood...

Guy: Maybe I can help. I used to live in New Orleans. My boyfriend and I used to cook jambalaya all the time. We'd just cook. And f*ck. Is there a spoon? (He tries some one.) Mmmh, it's not bad. Which you know you need it's an inchy pinchy chayen pepper. That's what it gives an extra special kick.

Brian: Let's get the extra special kick later. Now, you can stand around here eating jambalaya, or you can come upstairs and eat my a*s!

Guy: Well, we can need this after.

Justin: Yeah, my mom says it's always better the second day.

(Justin sees that the guy and Brian make it out. He rush out of the loft.)

(Domenic's Restaurant. Mike and Tracy enter, Mike in a suit, Tracy in a pretty but cheap-looking black dress with big red roses on it.)

Michael: Thanks for coming with my, Trac.

Tracy: Thanks for inviting me.

Bob: Michael!

Michael: Hey Bob.

Bob: You could make it, huh?

Michael: You know Tracy?

Bob: Sure! But I didn't know you're two are an item. Be careful. Don't let the boss catch you fraternizing! Listen, I want you meet my wife. Honey, come here. (Mrs.Barbarosa comes. She's half drunken.) Honey, I want you to meet Mike Novotny, one of our assistant managers.

Mrs.Barbarossa: Oh Mike, it's so nice to meet you.

Michael: Same here, Mrs.Barbarossa.

Mrs.Barbarossa: Betty, call me Betty. Oh, this must be your adorable wife.

Michael: Not exactly.

Bob: Honey, honey. Give him some time, will you? He still work on it. Probably he can put some money on the bank first, right?

Mrs.Barbarossa: Maybe you can help them with that.

Bob: Betty, how many times I gotta tell you business is business.

Mrs.Barbarossa: Oh, when it comes to business I don't open my mouth. That's strictly his. But we really know who runs the show, don't we, dear? Oh look, here is George and Helen! Hi! Would you excuse us?

Bob: Oh, thank God. Hello Georgie!

Tracy: They thought we were married.

Michael: Yeah, how about it.

Tracy: And it's only our first date! I mean if this is a date.

Michael: Can I give you some drink?

Tracy: Oh sure.

Michael: What would you like?

Tracy: Um, whatever you having. I go to this ladies room. I'll be right back.

(Michael get some drink. Andrew comes up with his wife.)

Andrew: Hi Mike.

Michael: Hi Andrew. This is my wife.

Lis: Lis.

Michael: Nice to meet you.

Andrew: I see you broughed Tracy.

Michael: Yeah.

Andrew: I didn't know you two are goin' out.

Michael: Well, we like to give it secret, you know since we work together.

Andrew: Smart idea, considering the way rumors fly.

Michael: You're telling me.

Andrew: In fact, you should hear some of the ones about you.

Michael: Like what?

Andrew: Nothing I'd want to repeat. But it's the kind of thing that could really hurt someone's chances. Especially if they were looking for a promotion.

(Tracy comes back.)

Tracy: Hello.

Michael: There's my girl! Tracy, have you meet Andrew's wife Lis?

Tracy: No, hi.

(The next morning at the Happy Fun House, Melanie bounds down the stairs to find Lindsay setting the table for breakfast. They start to get in a little morning nookie, but Lindsay pulls away, because Justin, on the couch, is starting to wake up.)

Lindsay: Morning Justin. How'd you sleep?

Justin: Hmmm, ok. So lala.

Mel: Come and have some breakfast.

Justin: I'm not hungry.

Mel: You have to have something to eat. After all, you are a growing boy. My Jesus, did I just say that?

Justin: I can wash the sheets.

Lindsay: Oh, it's okay.

Mel: If you like you can wash my car.

Justin: I really appreciate your letting me stay here.

Lindsay: Hey, it's no trouble. You can come anytime, right Mel?

Mel: Anytime.

(Justin looking to a sketch from Brian which he draws last night.)

Justin: He hates me!

Lindsay: He doesn't hates you.

Justin: Yes, he does! And so is my dad! I pull him off Brian and I hit him. And now I can't even go home.

Mel: Sweety, it's okay.

Justin: Don't say it's okay. And don't say anything bad about Brian, either.

Mel: Well, that doesn't leave much room for conversation.

Justin: I don't know what I'm gonna do!

(Justin drops his head in his hands. Linds and Mel look at each other behind Justin's head as he starts to cry.)

Mel: You're goin to do one thing at the time.

Lindsay: Right. First you're gonna take a shower.

Mel: Then you're goin' to have breakfast.

Lindsay: Then you're goin' to school. OK? Now go.

(Justin goes and leave the ladies behind.)

Lindsay: Mmmh, guy.

Mel: And still he defends that f*cking prick! You know, it amazes me --

(Lindsay raises a hand.)

Lindsay: Don't start. Allow me.

(And she reaches for the phone. She dials Brian's number.)

Lindsay: Bri? It's Lins. Did I wake you? Good.

(Big Q Mart. Mike's rearranging the toy aisle. Mike's heroically muttering his "I'm g*y" speech when he's interrupted by Barbarosa.)

Bob: Hi, Mike.

Michael: Hey Bob, thanks for inviting me to the Party. I had a great time.

Bob: Betty are crazing about you. All she wants to know when you and Tracy get engaged.

Michael: Bob, there is something I need to talk to you...

Bob: Tracy is a real pretty girl. She is what we used to say a fox. You guys still use that word "a fox"?

Michael: Yeah, we still use that word.

Bob: You know she's busy tonight?

Michael: Excuse me?

Bob: Well, I thought you two might want to have a little celebration of your own. After all, isn't that what you do when you get a new promotion, Mr. Manager?!

(On cue, Big Q employees pour out from behind the aisles, cheering. Tracy races up and gives Mike a big ole kiss.)

(School's over, and Justin's walking out. But maybe not so fast. He's blocked by a group of boys.)

Guy#1: Hey Justin, I've heard you're not living at home anymore.

Justin: f*cking Daphne has a big mouth?

Guy#1: Yeah maybe cause you're a f*cking f*gg*t?

Guy#2: Yeah, you're a f*cking h*m*, you little b*tch.

(Off-camera, we hear the screech of tires.)

Brian: Justin! Get in the car!

Guy#1: What the f*ck is this?

Justin: What for?

Brian: I said get in the car!

Justin: Where we goin'?

Brian: Home.

(Taylor Family Manse. Justin forlornly sits on the living-room couch, while Jennifer tries to mediate between Father and Son. Justin has nothing to say.)

Jen: Justin? Do you have anything to say? (pause) Well in that case I'll speak for your father and me - we want you to come home. That's were you belong. And I think that Brian would agree.

(Brian's lounging on a chair on the other side of the room, radiating an above-it-all arrogance.)

Craig: What difference does it make what Brian thinks?

Jen: Excuse me, I'm speaking. Let me finished. Justin?

(Justin's eyes are solidly on the carpet.)

Brian: Look at your mom, Justin.

(Justin, startled, looks up -- first at Brian, who jerks his head over, then finally to his mother.)

Jen: You're staying here.

Justin: Only if Dad says that he's sorry to Brian.

Craig: Justin, he is the one who should be apologizing to you for Christ sakes! For making you think he loved you.

Justin: He never said he loved me. He said it was just a f*ck -- that's all. But I'm okay with that, because that's all it was. All it should be.

Jen: I think you should go to your room now.

(Justin gratefully gets up to do so, but Craig stops him.)

Craig: One more thing, Justin.

Jen: Craig!

Craig: No. I'm gonna say this. If your gonna live in this house there rules you have to obey. You are not to go to g*y bars or talk about your disgusting lifestyle. And you are never, ever to see him again.

Brian: So, in other words, for Justin to live here with you, he has to deny who he is, what he thinks, and how he feels.

Craig: I don't ask for your opion, pal.

(Brian gets up.)

Brian: Well, that's not love. That's hate.

Craig: Get the f*ck out of my house!

Brian: Justin, are you coming?

(Justin's shocked. He looks at his mom, who looks back with longing. Without a word, Justin follows Brian out of the house.)

(Liberty Diner. The customers applaud as Debbie returns.)

Debbie: OK, that enough. Safe it for my kid. Mikey stand up! C'mon, stand up. Everybody, Michael get promoted! He is the manager of the Big Q on Buckley!

Michael: Ma!

Debbie: Can't I be proud for one day? Is it just for g*y people?

Emmett: No one's more g*y than you, Deb.

Ted: Yeah, you're a role model for us all.

Debbie: What can I'm say?

Vic: I'm sure you think on something!

Debbie: You look in that face! You look in that face to know that my son has the biggest heart and the most honest. Could those eyes lie? No one deserved a promotion more than you, sweetheart cause

you're the best. To know I'm just telling you, you're goin be succest (she's crying)... sh*t. I'll take the order and this is on me!

Michael: Ma, you can't afford to do that.

Debbie: Honey, we can afford anything tonight! Go.

Emmett: Um, I'm fine. I'm fine.

Vic: (to Michael) You did good, Mikey. Thanks.

(He leaps to his feet and runs outside, where it is raining. Brian, about to walk into the diner, pats him on the back, congratulating him.)

Brian: Nice goin' Mikey.

Michael: I wish everyone just stop congratulation...

Brian: OK.

Michael: I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Yeah, I'm be able to help my mom now. Great (!) But I'm a liar. And don' tell me I've been used to be a liar!

Brian: That's not what I'm gonna say. What I'm gonna say it's not lying if they make you lie. The only truth they can accept is their own. Now better get back in there. How can it be a party without the guest of honor?

Michael: What about you?

Brian: I've got someone waiting for me.

(At Brian's loft, Justin's set the table.)

Justin: Hey. You're hungry?

Brian: Not really.

Justin: You've got to eat something.

(They're siting at the table.)

Brian: So, what's for diner?

Justin: Jambalaja from last night.

(Brian tries something.)

Brian: Not bad.

Justin: It's always better the second day.

(Closing Credits.)

(Music: Angel Moon # He's All I Want)

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